

Bdres
U676

F U N E R A L E L E G Y

Upon the Death of that ~~Excellent~~ and most worthy Gentleman,

John Winthrop Esq.

Late Governour of his Majestyes Colony of Conecticut;

who deceased Aprils 1 6 7 6.

Anagr. John Winthrop,
Oh Print We nih:

Let woe be printed nigh unto our Land,
Since that Jehovahs formidable hand
Hath been bereaving us this fatal year,
Of such a Star within our Hemisphere.

A Star of such resplendent glorious Light,
Whose Fellow never yet approacht our sight,
Nor ever are we like his Peer to see
In all his comprehensive rarity.

A pretious Pillar in his earthly station,
A pious servant to his Generation,
Although his Extract was sublime and high,
Yet was he cloathed with humility.

His place of bearing Rule it was so sweet,
That Justice did with mercy in him meet.
His Learning was so grand that all may ghes
Our *Winthrop's* Master of the Languages,
Whose travail's far into out-landish places,
They did augment his other worthy graces.

And lest his Gallantry should seem to fall,
Behold his worth in matters Physical;
My Pen can never fully it rehearse,
Whose Fame did overrun the Universe.
His Powders, Cordials, and his ~~Golden~~ Pills,
O're flew the Mountains, and the lasting Hills.
So pregnant was his skill, none can discri,
And lofty Judgement into Chimistry.

Incomparable was the depth he had
In rare Inventions, sons of men to glad.
When *Hartfords* Charter was in some suspence
This worthy *Heroe* must away from hence.

Our Jurisdiction rightly to maintain,
And mediate before his Sovereign:
For which great Service who so fit as He,
One of th' Imperial Society.
A man of wisdom, Patience, Love, and Peace,
To Rich and poor his virtues did encrease,

His labour and his dealings were so free,
That none did more abound in Charity,
His Remedyes they did not only tend
Unto mens bodies, but a better end.
When Subdivisions in the Church did rise,
He had great skill to heal their Maladies.
Surcease my mournful Mute, further to add
Of this great Patriot, unless I had
Briarius hands to set his virtues forth,
And *Argus* Eyes to weep his golden worth.

• ACCROSTICON.

Invironed with grief well be we may,
On every side in such a cloudy day,
He being gone who was our Countreyes glory,
Not to return which make our hearts so sorry.

Woe and alas unto our Colonyes,
In midst of our other miseryes,
No mortal can expresse what doleour 'tis,
To be bereav'd of such a Gem as this.
Himself could only let us understand,
Rightly to value such a heavy hand;
Oh may this dismal loss ne'r be forgot,
Per *Plimouth, Boston, and Conecticut.*

EPITAPH.

Here lyes a Nont-such for all virtuous things,
Fittest to be discoursed of by Kings.

Mors omnibus communis.

F I N I S

From Wm. H. 88:58

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88:58:58

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July 10

1870

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